

THE
BUNKER HILL
SONGSTER.

N.Y.

Sutton

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BUNKER HILL SONGSTER.

CONTAINING

**National and Patriotic
SONGS.**

AS SUNG BY

THE PRINCIPAL VOCALISTS.

MURPHY, PRINTER AND PUBLISHER,
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NEW-YORK,



OH ! SPARE THE GLORIOUS EAGLE.

*Written for Mr. Quayle, by Silas S. Steele.
and sung with rapturous applause*

Oh ! spare the glorious Eagle,
Forever let him fly,
The plumed Angel LIBERTY,
Whose pinions cleave the sky.
Oh ! ne'er may freedom bless him,
Who'd shorten his life's span,
The emblem of the dearest boon,
That heaven gave to man.

Then spare the glorious Eagle,
Forever let him fly,
The plumed Angel LIBERTY,
His native home the sky.

His *aerie's* Freedom's altar,
His pinions fan her fire,
And while his noble plume can wave,
Her light can ne'er expire,
For in the breasts of Freemen,
He kindles that bold flame—
His daring soul of liberty,
That tyrants ne'er can tame.

Then spare the glorious Eagle,
Forever let him fly,
The plumed angel Liberty,
His native home the sky.

From clime to clime he wandered,
From th' hunting tyrant's snare,
And found a home in this bright land,
Of Freedom's kindred air ;
Then let his sky-born children,
Soar *free* from hill to wave,
While man can view his noble form,
He ne'er will be a slave.

Then spare the glorious Eagle,
Forever let him fly,
The plumed angel Liberty,
His native home the sky.

MY SISTER DEAR.

My sister dear, o'er this rude cheek,
How oft I've felt the tear-drop stealing ;
When those mute looks have told the feeling
Heaven denied thy tongue to speak,
And thou hadst comfort in that tear,
Shed for thee—my sister dear !

And now, alas ! I weep alone ;
By thee, by joy, by hope forsaken,
'Mid thoughts that darkest fears awaken,
Trembling for thy fate unknown,
And vainly flows the bitter tear,
Shed for thee—my sister dear !

THE YALLER BUSHA BELLE.

As I walk'd out one moonlight night,
 I met a fair maid—her eyes shone bright,
 Her face was so black, you couldn't see well.
 And she was called de 'Yaller Bush Belle.'
 Says I, 'Young lady, may I walk wid ye?'
 What do you tink was de answer she gib me?
 She say to me, ha, ta,
 Go away, black man, don't you come a'neigh
 me
 Burn you we'de a chunk, if I don't blue die me!
 Radink a day, Ra, di, ink a day—

Nigger see'd her eat a pumpkin all de day.
 Dat she should be too dignified, I didn't care
 to see,
 Kase I'm de ansom nigger from de elbow to de
 knee,
 I never see a yaller gal I could like so so well
 So I splash my 'fections on you, my
 Yaller Busha Belle.

So cum Miss Dinah, may I walk wid ye?
 Still de same answer, de lady she gib me.

Spoken.—She says to me in 'zackly *de same*
 tone of voice as before, *only different*.

Go away black man, &c.

We didn't walk much funder, kase down de
 rain fell,

So in a minute I put up my cotton umbrelle.
 ‘ Miss Dinah, now, I axes you to lean upon dis
 arm,
 An’ I pledge my solemn appetite I dont mean
 you no harm ;
 So come, young lady, may I walk wid ye ?
 Dis time a different answer she gib me.

Spoken.—You see de rain was coming down
 tolerably slick—and she says,—

‘ Come away, black man, I’ll go away with you
 now,
 Hold up your umberalla, or I get wet thro’ now.’
 We walked along togeder, I don’t know what I
 said,
 But de subject of matrimony cum into my head.
 All dat pass’d between I’m not a-goine to tell,
 But de next day I got married to my

Yaller Busha Belle

Went to a niger parson, on purpose to be wed,
 When he as’k de lady’s name, what do you tink
 she said ?

Go away, black man, &c.

About twelve months after dat I t’ought I go
 wild,
 When my yaller girl she gab to me a little male
 child,
 He was black as any crow, perhaps just a trifle
 bigger,
 I ’clare I neber saw such a handsome little nig-
 ger


~~~~~

But my Yaller Busha Belle, my young and  
lovely bride,  
She didn't live much longer, 'cause next day  
she died.

*Spoken.*—She says to me in a werry lemon-  
choly voice,—

Good-bye black man, I'm going away, from you  
now,

Mind de piccaninny if you lub me true now.

Ra, di, ink a day, Ra, di, ink a day,

I 'clar it nearly broke my heart to put her in de  
clay.

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### THE COTTAGE NEAR ROCHELLE

When I beheld the anchor weigh'd,  
And with the shore thy image fade,  
I deem'd each wave a boundless sea,  
That bore me still from love and thee.  
I watch'd alone the sun decline,  
And envied beams on thee to shine,  
While anguish painted 'neath her spell,  
My love and cottage near Rochelle.

'Mid every clime would memory trace,  
In every scene that gentle face,  
That mute pale lip—thy parting sigh,  
That one sad tear which filled thine eye  
Till fancy's dream with sweet control,  
Or magic wings would lift my soul,  
And waft me home with thee to dwell  
My love and cottage near Rochelle.

## THE IRISH HARPER AND HIS DOG.

On the green banks of Shannon, when Shelah  
was nigh,  
No blithe Irish lad was so happy as I,  
No harp like my own could so cheer'ly play,  
And wherever I went was my poor dog Tray.  
When at last I was forced from my Shelah to  
part  
She said, (while the sorrow was big at her  
heart,)  
O! remember your Shelah when far, far away,  
And be kind my dear Pat to our poor dog, Tray.  
Poor dog! he was faithful and kind, to be sure,  
And he constantly loved me, although I was  
poor,  
When the sour looking folks sent me heartless  
away  
I had always a friend in my poor dog Tray.  
When the road was so dark, and the night was  
so cold,  
And Pat and his dog were grown weary and  
old,  
How snugly we slept in my old coat of gray,  
And he licked me for kindness, my poor dog  
Tray.  
Though my wallet was scant I remember'd his  
case,  
Nor refused my last crust to his pitiful face,

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But he died at my feet on a cold winter's day,
And I play'd a sad lament for my poor dog
Tray.

Where now shall I go, poor, forsaken and blind?
Can I find one to guide me, so faithful and kind
To my sweet native village, so far, far away,
I can never more return with my poor dog
Tray.

THE GYPSEY GIRL'S DREAM.

As sung with the most rapturous applause, by Mrs. Seguin, in the new grand Opera of the "Bohemian Girl."

I dream'd that I dwelt in marble halls,
With vassals and serfs at my side,
And of all who assembled within those walls,
That I was the hope and pride.
I had riches too great to count, could boast
Of a high ancestral name;
And I also *dream'd*, which charm'd me most,
That you lov'd me still the same.

I dream'd that suiters besought my hand,
That knights up in bended knee,
And with vows, no maiden heart could withstand
That they pledg'd their faith to me.
And *I dream'd* that one of this noble host,
Came forth my hand to claim;
Yet I also *dream'd*, which charm'd me most,
That you loved still the same.

FRIENDS, COME DRAW NEAR.

From the Opera of the "Postillion."

Friends, come draw near and hear the story,

Of a postillion bold and gay,

Tis true indeed, 'tis no vain glory,

Take, take my word for all I say;

When far his horses tramp was sounding,

The village maids came forth to greet,

Many a heart from them was bounding,

Galloping with his horse's feet.

Oh! oh! oh! oh! how gay and free,

The happy postillion must be,

Oh! oh! oh! oh! how gay and free,

How gay and free,

The happy postillion must be!

The happy postillion must be.

How gay and free, gay and free,

The happy postillion e'er must be,

How gay and free, gay and free, gay and
free.

The happy postillion e'er must be.

Many a lady high in station,

Whose absent lord, his wife had told,

If you do not ride for recreation,

None drives but this postillion bold:

His horses promptly obey his will,

When the trusty reigns he's seizing,

There is perfect safety in his skill,

His overturns are not unpleasing. Oh! &c

ate in the night, the village leaving,
 To take some trav'lers on their way,
 Some he quitted, many grieving,
 At his lengthen'd stay ;
 No more he roves to ev'ry flower,
 His days of gallantry are done,
 He that o'er many hearts had power,
 Now has become the slave of one. Oh ! &c.

WITH THESE WE'LL BIVOUAC.

He who wears a regimental suit,
 Oft is poor as is some raw recruit,
 But what of that !

Girls will follow when they hear the drum,
 To view the tassel and the waving plume
 That deck his hat !

Oh ! he will sing when he's not on duty,
 Smoke his segar, or flirt with some gay
 beauty.

Oh vive l'amour, cigars and cognac,
 Hurra, hurra, hurra, hurra ! with these we'll
 bivouac.

Chorus.—Oh vive l'amour, &c.

When we march into a county town,
 Prudes may fly from us, and dames may
 frown.

All that's absurd !

When we march away we leave behind
 Prudes and dames that have been vastly kind
 Pray take my word !

Off, off we go and tell them we're on duty
 Smoke a cigar, and seek for some new
 beauty. *Chorus.*—Oh vive l'amour, &c

CAN'T I DO THE THING.

As sung by Thos. H. Hadaway, with rapturous approval
in the drama of "Rookwood."

TUNE—*The Great Sea Song*

In a cell of a prison I was born,
And my daddy, as I've heard say,
Of a hempen widow was the child forlorn,
He was a lad who cut capers gay ;
The last caper he cut was on Tyburn tree,
By Jack Ketch's hempen string,
And the remarkable words he said to me—
(*Was Jerry*) "Can't I do the thing?"

To the tune of hearty-choke with caper-sa
He found out the time of day,
His last exit was made 'midst much applause
And he's left me to fight my way.
For smoking a pipe or drinking a glass,
To frolic, dance and sing,
Or making love to a cherry cheek'd lass,
Oh, "can't I do the thing?"

True, I'm but a bundle of rags,
Only fit for a paper mill,
Let me lay hold of the money bags,
And I soon will work my will ;
I can drink a glass with a very good grace,
Whether a brandy or gin sling,
And my gals will say as they look in my face
(*Jerry*) "Oh, can't he do the thing?"

THE STAR OF COLUMBIA.

A NEW AMERICAN SONG.

Written by Henry Phillips, Esq., and sung by him
throughout the United States, with universal applause.

Star of Columbia, fair as the morn,
unsullied by crime, and in liberty born—
the Giant of Nations, of Freedom and art;
the mirror of Nature; the bold, honest heart.

The arts fly for favor to this happy land,
from Europe's famed cities to thy fostering
hand;
where find they a favor to aid and to grace
and are met like a parent with smiles on thy
face.

Where Genius has vent, here the mind's free to
roam.

And the soil to the stranger is turned to a home;
no longer depressed by fashion's dull brain,
he lives, and he feels like a Giant again.



COME TO THE HOME OF YOUTH,
DEAREST LOVE.

Come to the home of youth, dearest love,
Come to the scenes of childhood's tree;
Sweet are the winds that whisper above,
And we will ever happy be;
Birds singing gaily, now as then,
Flit through the wood and glen.
Hark! loud is the voice of the waterfall,
Dashing against its rocky wall;
Just as it ran in days of yore,
When we were shouting to its roar.

Dark were the clouds that passed o'er thee;
Rude were the storms that round thee blew;
But still we come to the sheltering tree,
Where love with her early pleasures grew.
All looks cherrily and gay,
As in that calmer day.
Yes, here is the home of youth, dearest love.
Here are the scenes of childhood's tree,
Hopes here around, and hearts are free,
And we will ever happy be.



OH! BLESS DAT LUBLY YALLAR GAL.

As sung by the Ethiopian Serenaders.

Oh! bless dat lubly yallar gal,
Dat some folks call "Miss Dina;"
Oh! pity me, ye Niggars all,
An' tell where I can find her.
Oh! now she's gone an' left me,
For fear dat I might harm her;
To day arter to-morrow,
She's gone to Alabama.

Her hair is like de shining silk,
She's fat an' round as 'ro-rus,
She feed upon good mush an' milk.
An' morus multicornus.
Oh! now she gone an' left me,
My heart is filled wid sorrow;
I'll find some ober yallar gal,
An' I'll marry her to-morrow.

OUR WAY ACROSS THE MOUNTAINS HO.

Sung by Mr. Russel.

When the tempests fly, o'er the cloudy sky
And the piping blast sings merrily;
Oh, sweet is the mirth of the social heartn,
Where the flames are blazing cherrily.
Our way across the mountains, ho!
Ho! ho! ho! ho! ho! ho!
Our way across the mountains, ho!
Ho! ho! ho! ho! ho! ho!

The moon-beam bright, of a summer's night,
Shineth but sad and wearily;
But sweet is the glow where contentment flows,
And the bright fire blazes cheerily.
Oh, when the tempests fly o'er the cloudy sky,
And the piping blast sings merrily;
Oh, sweet is the mirth of the social hearth,
Where the flames are blazing cherrily
Our way across the mountains, ho!
Ho! ho! ho! ho! ho! ho!
Our way across the mountains, ho!
Ho! ho! ho! ho! ho! ho!

Let the storms without, in their midnight rout,
Howl through the casement drearily;
We're merry within round the blazing linn,
Where contentment flows right cheerily.
Our way across the mountains, ho!

COME, OH! COME WITH ME.

Come, oh! come with me,
The moon is beaming,
Come, oh! come with me,
The stars are gleaming;
All around, above,
With beauty teeming,
Moonlight hours,
Are meet for love.
Fal le lar le lar, fal lar lar lar
Fal le lar le lar, &c.

Come, oh ! come with me,
The moon is beaming,
Come, oh ! come with me,
The stars are gleaming.

My shiff is by the shore,
She's light and free,
To fly the feathered oar,
Is joy to me ;
And as we glide along,
My song shall be,
My dearest maid,
I love but thee.
Fal le lar le lar, fal lar lar lar !
Fal le lar le lar, &c.

Come, oh ! come with me.
The moon is beaming,
Come, oh ! come with me,
The stars are gleaming.

OH ! SHARE MY COTTAGE, GENTLE MAID.

Written and composed by Mr. Shrivall, and sung with
great applause by him and Mr. Walters.

Oh, share my cottage, gentle maid,
It only waits for thee,
To add fresh sweetness to its shade,
And give happiness and happiness to me.

Here from the splendid joy's parade,
Of noise and folly free,
No sorrow can my peace invade,
If only blest with thee.
Oh, share my cottage, &c.

The nawthorn with the woodbine twine,
Present their sweets to thee,
And ev'ry balmy breath of wind,
Is filled with harmony.
Oh, share my cottage, &c.

A truly fond and faithful heart,
Is all I offer thee,
Then can'st thou see me thus depart,
A prey to misery ?
Then share my cottage gentle maid,
It only waits for thee,
To add fresh sweetness to its shade,
And give happiness and happiness to me.

AM I NOT FONDLY THINE OWN ?

Thou, thou, reign'st in this bosom,
There, there, hast thou thy throne ;
Thou, thou, knowest that I love thee,
Am I not fondly thine own ?
Yes, yes, yes, yes, am I not fondly thine own

Then, then, e'en as I love thee,

Say, say, wilt thou love me?

Thoughts, thoughts, tender and true, love,

Say wilt thou cherish for me?

Yes, yes, yes, yes, say wilt thou cherish for me?

Speak, speak, love, I emlore thee,

Say, say, hope shall be thine,

Thou, thou, know'st that I love thee,

Say but that thou wilt be mine!

Yes, yes, yes, yes, but say that thou wilt be mine!

THE GREEN MOUNTAIN BOYS

By William Cullen Bryant.

Here we halt our march, and pitch our tent.

On the rugged forest ground,

And light our fire with the branches rent

By winds from the beaches round.

Wild storms have torn this ancient wood

But a wilder is at hand

With hail of iron and rain of blood,

To sweep and scathe the land.

How the dark waste rings with voices shrill

That startle the sleeping bird;

To-morrow eve must the voice be still,

And step must fall unheard,

The Briton lies by the blue Champlain,
In Ticonderoga's towers,
And ere the sun rise twice again,
The towers and the lake are ours.

Fill up the bowl from the brook that glides,
Where the fireflies light the brake ;
A ruddier juice the Briton hides,
In his fortress by the lake.
Build high the fire, till the panther leap
From his lofty perch in fright,
And we'll strengthen our weary arms with sleep,
For the deeds of to-morrow night.

THE RAPTURE DWELLING.

As sung by Miss Shirreff.

The rapture dwelling within my breast,
And fondly telling its fears to rest ;
The rapture dwelling within my breast,
And fondly telling its fears to rest ;
Comes o'er me wearing its charmed chain,
No vestige learning of sorrow's strain.
No vestige learning of sorrow's strain.
Of sorrow's, sorrows strain.



OH! YES, TO THAT I DO OBJECT.

He. I don't object, I don't object
To see you ever pleased and gay;
And while gallants around you play
That you your husband should neglect,
I don't object, I don't object,—
But, 'Sdeath! to meet where'er I go,
An impudent annoying beau,
Whose evil motives I suspect—
I do object, I do object,—
Oh, yes, to that I do object.

I don't object, I don't object
To pay for trinkets without end;—
Nay, my whole fortune to expend
To see you fashionably deck'd—
I don't object, I don't object;
But to your seeking to make me
One of those husbands whom we see
Forming so numerous a sect—
I do object, I do object—
Oh, yes, to that I do object.

She. I don't object, I don't object
To be precise, and not coquet;
And not to run you more in debt
Than you in reason can expect—
I don't object, I don't object;—
But that a husband should presume
The tyrant ever to assume,
And dare to lecture and correct—
I do object, I do object.—
Oh, yes, to that I do object.

I LOV'D HER SO.

“I'm thine ! I'm thine !” she oft would say,
For ever thine !—
Others' love may fade away,
But never mine !”
Yet she now leaves my heart to grieve,
And break with woe !
I scarce her falsehood can believe,
I lov'd her so !
But, love ! farewell,—I'll now for ever,
The false one fly ;
Her image from my heart I'll tear,
Then silent die !
I'll no longer her falsehood regret ;
Yet where'er I go,
I fear I never can forget :
—I lov'd her so !

TWILIGHT DEWS.

When twilight dews are falling fast,
Upon the rosy sea,
I watche'd that star, whose beam so oft
Has lighted me to thee ;
And thou, too, on that orb so dear,
Ah ! dost thou gaze at even,
And think, though lost for ever here,
Thou'lt yet be mine in heaven.
And thou too, on that, &c.

There's not a garden walk I tread,
There's not a flower I see;
But brings to mind some hope that's fled,
Some joy I've lost with thee;
And still I wish that hour was near,
When friends and foes forgiven,
The pains, the ills we've wept through here,
Nay turn to smiles in heaven.
And still I wish, &c.

ANNIE O' GLENGYLE.

By Mrs. C. H. W. Esling.

My Annie is a winsome lass
And fair as summer flowers;
Her breath is like the heather broom
That scents her native bowers;
Her e'en are bluer than the skies,
But a' her sunny smile,
Is like na' ither thing on earth,
Save Annie o'Glengyle.

Her voice is like the wimplin' stream,
That sings the lee-long day,
Sae's soft, sae melancholy slow,
Is aye its pensive lay;
The birdie listens frae the tree,
Wie' sadden'd thought awhile,
And thinks it's his ain lonesome mate,
Or Annie o'Glengyle.

FLOW GENTLY, SWEET AFTON.

Flow gently, sweet Afton, among thy green
braes

Flow gently, I'll sing thee a song in thy
praise,

My Mary's asleep by thy murmuring stream;
Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not her
dream,

Thou dove, whose soft echo resounds from the
hill,

Thou green crested lap-wing, with noise
loud and shrill,

Ye wild whistling warblers your music forbear,
I charge you disturb not my slumb'ring
dream.

Thy chrystal stream, Afton, how lovely it
glides,

And winds by the cot where my Mary re-
sides,

There oft as mild ev'ning weeps over the lea,
Thy sweet scented groves shade my Mary
and me.

Flow gently, sweet Afton, among thy green
braes,

Flow gently, sweet river, the theme of my
lays,

My Mary's asleep by the murmuring stream,
Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not her
dream.

COME BRAVE WITH ME THE SEA.

Come brave the sea with me, love,
The empire of the free, love,
There shalt thou dwell with me, love,
My blessing and my pride.
Oh ! hasten with me there,
While yet the wind is fair,—
Where sparkling billows roam, love,
Where fate bids us roam, love,
My ship shall be thy home, love,
And thou the sailor's bride.

Come brave, &c.

Come then, and with me roam, love,
From father, friends, and home, love,
Where sparkling billows foam, love.

So boundless and so wide.
For no dangers dread thee there,
Where tempests rend the air,
Though fair the earth may be, love,
It is not like the sea, love,
Where soars the spirit free, love
As over its breast we ride.

Come brave, &c.



FAREWELL! BUT NOT FOREVER!

A popular pathetic Ballad.

Farewell! my love, nay do not weep,
Those tears become not beauty;
One kind embrace before we part,
One kiss, and then to duty.

Behold! our vessel's anchor weigh'd,
Her top-sails how they shiver!
One kiss, my love, and then farewell!
But not farewell for ever.

Those sighs my love, unman my heart.
Tho' doom'd I am to leave you;
My only treasure, do not grieve,
Nor think I would deceive you.

But when the sails their bosom swell.
Alas! we then must sever;
One kiss, my love, and then farewell,
But not farewell for ever.

For ever, means time out of date,
Of which men make but laughter,
For if we part forever here,
We surely meet hereafter.

Then dry those tears, my lovely maid!
In life we only sever;
For tho' we now must say farewell!
'Tis not farewell for ever.

THE WILD WHITE ROSE.

All in the garden of beauty there grows,
Proudest, and sweetest, a strange wild rose;
Yet thorns dwell around the spot where it
blows,

So maidens beware of the wild young rose.

But there is one hour,

One word of power.

The secret one happy lady knows,

To call a fair sprite from its leaves at night,

The genii king of the wild white rose.

All in the garden, &c.

The maiden who dares its sweets to inhale,

Till her rosy cheek is dewy and pale,

While love and fear contest her heart,

The fairy king from the flower may start.

Sweet as the balm that round her flows,

Bright as the bud that near her grows.

Yet thorns for her breast,

To rob her of rest.

So maidens beware of the wild white rose.

All in the garden, &c.



OFT THOU'ST TOLD ME, MOTHER DEAR.

Oft thou'st told me, mother dear,
Subtle man I'd cause to fear,
Thou a saint in yonder skies,
Still thy warning voice I praise.
But if he would still pursue,
Mother dear, what could I do ?
Let this little tear proclaim,
Mother, I was not to blame

Sadly beats my breaking heart,
From a form so loved, to part ;
Oh, how hard my lonely lot,
Still to live by him forgot.
Though remembrance wake a sigh,
Though pale sorrow dim mine eye—
Let my silent tears proclaim,
Mother, I was not to blame.

LIBERTY FOR ME.

Here in my own secluded dwelling,
The charm is this, that I am free ;
If I wed, oh, sir ! their's no telling,
How very gruf my spouse may be ;
And that I'm sure would not suit me.
For if I laugh, he'll think it wrong,
And bid me hold my tongue, hold my tongue.
Liberty for me—no man's wife I'll be ;
Liberty for me—I'll be ever free.

I have been told how wives are slighted,
And no rude man shall use me so ;
If I wed, when to dance invited,
I have no doubt he would say " No,
My dear stay here—you shall not go."
But if he tried to clip my wing,
I'm sure I still should sing, still should sing,
Yes ; I'm sure I still should sing,
Liberty for me—no man's wife I'll be ;
Liberty for me—I'll be ever free.

HE PASSED AS IF HE KNEW ME NOT.

He passed as if he knew me not,
Unconscious I was near ;
And can he then so soon forget
A being once so dear ?
No, though composure's ill assum'd,
I marked the blush of shame,
I saw him tremble when he heard
Another breathe my name.

I ask not now a lover's smile,
These eyes are sunk and dim,
But in their ruin they possess
An eloquence for him ;
Others pass, but from his heart
More sympathy I claim,
When I am gone, perchance he'll weep
When e'er he'll hear my name.

L O S T R O S A B E L .

Sung by Mr Dempster.

They have giv'n thee to another

They have broken ev'ry vow,

They have giv'n thee to another.

And my heart is lonely now;

They remember not our parting

They remember not our tears,

They have sever'd in an hour

The tenderness of years.

Oh! was it well to leave me!

Thou could'st not so deceive me,

Long and sorely I shall grieve thee,

Lost, lost Rosabel!

They have giv'n thee to another,

Thou art now his gentle bride,

Had I loved thee as a brother,

I could see thee by his side.

But I knew with gold they've won thee,

And thy trusting heart beguil'd;

Thy mother, too, doth shun me,

For she knew I lov'd her child.

Oh! was it well to sever,

Two fond hearts forever?

I can only answer—never,

Lost, lost Rosabel!

They have giv'n her to another,

She will love him, too, they say

If her mem'ry do not chide her

Oh! perhaps, perhaps she may.

But I know that she hath spoken
What she never can forget,
And tho' my heart be broken,
It will love her, love her yet.
Oh ! 'twas not well to sever,
Two fond hearts forever !
I can only say—forever
Dear, dear Rosabel !

COME FORTH FROM THY BOWER

A very favourite Song, as sung by Miss Shirriff, with great applause.

Come forth from thy bower, my dark eyed
maid,
And list to the nightingale's song,
The toils of the day are over, dear maid—
Say, why dost thou tarry so long ?
The treasure I prize is the light of thine eyes,
Then wherefore for splendour and wealth
should I pine ?
The bee from thy lip, more honey would sip
Than from all the sweet buds from that
bower of thine ;
Then let the bright rays of thy beauty be seen ;
Oh, list to the sound of my gay tambourine.
Thus sung a fond youth—the maiden sighed,
And softly stole forth to her love ;

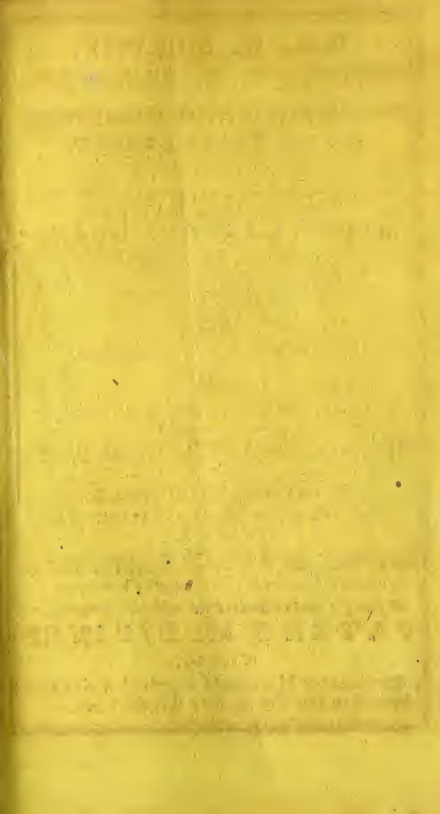
And wilt thou be constant, she fondly cried
Though fortune more kindly should prove?
The maiden believ'd she'd ne'er be deceiv'd.
His love would be constant whatever his lot,
But sad was her fate—her lover grew great,
And the vows he once plighted his heart
soon forgot :
Yet, still might the maid in her bower be seen,
Awaiting the sound of his gay tambourine.

ONE LOOK OF LOVE.

A favourite Song as sung by Mr. Wilson.

One look of love from those bright eyes,
To cheer this anxious breast—
One smile from thee I'd fondly prize,
And be forever bless'd !
Will not my sighs to pity move thee—
Say, say, thou'lt be mine,
And bless the heart that fondly loves thee
Then turn not from me maiden fair,
Nor bid me plead in vain
For one kind look my heart to cheer
One smile to sooth my pain.





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